

Dear Richard,

6/24/93

The unspoken words tell me once again that the more things change the more they remain the same. True since the ancient Romans.

Following the encouraging medical examinations, when I'd expected to be able to concentrate without distraction from medical problems, new medical problems developed. I think I apologized for worse than my usual bad typing from a hemorrhage in my good eye followed by an infection. It has cleared up but the watering that impairs vision lingers. Then I became aware that I was unsteadier on my feet. Yesterday evening, on leaving my office, I brushed against the doorknob. I peeled the skin on my left forearm back about an inch and a half by two inches, ^{slight} From contact with a round object! Sitting with my legs horizontal several days ago, in shorts, I realized that my more damaged leg was considerable larger. I'd measured it. At the point of greatest swelling, below the calf, it was actually two inches larger than the right leg. So, I knew what to do: keep that heel as high as or higher than my heart. That is to help the blood return to it. Save when walking or having not to sit and when I had to type I did that. It has begun to reduce to present norm but is still swollen.

One of the things I was able to do in that position was give a hasty reading to the hasty article I sent you last Saturday by priority mail. I made a few corrections and I'd retyped it. I've sent a copy to a writer friend in New Zealand. An editor there asked him to ask me for an article a year or more ago. I'll enclose the retyped copy for you in the event C & G can come to see that there is something good for them other than The Killer of Truth. Please discard the first one. I had a couple of names reversed in it.

That Connally fragments flap was a dream situation for the one book that addressed it in any meaningful way. A nature and genuine promotion, the kind publishers often spend large sums to create. Free it had no value.

The timing is no longer as good but I may see if there is anything I can do with it. With any attention, the pictures alone are a sensation.

With my legs elevated I could read. Roger Feinman send me a manuscript, a short book he wrote in response to that strange man who has dedicated his life to making all who can hate him, David Lifton. The Killer of Truth aimed his High Trash 2 at Lifton but did not make that clear in it. He spoke of it, though. Roger has done an excellent job. It is in need of no editing, it is definitive, and when he phones I'll encourage him to seek pocket-book size publication.

He was inspired by Lifton becoming Lifton again and making Liftonian trouble for all possible. His nastiness about Meagher, to whom Roger was much attached, inspired Roger.

By coincidence Lifton also triggered me. Not knowing that Roger was to do what he just finished Lifton led me to write a replacement for what Killer of Truth's Baltimore cop stole from me and sold to Lifton, my analysis of his book plus some other related records. I did a rather long piece on it and sent it to Wrone. He had no time to retype

it on his computer because his children were home. One is a Mount Sinai graduate to intern at Yale, the other begins his second year at Stamford medical school. I think he is about to leave for Austin to do some work in the LBJ library. The doctor daughter took him out and updated his computer, so he may have some learning to do with it.

It happens that Roger and I took entirely different approaches. Roger addressed Lifton mostly as a person but in terms of his book. My interest was in reconstructing for the historical record that he wrote his book knowing that at each and every indispensable step in his imagined body-snatch he knew it was impossible. It is hasty but I am confident it also is definitive.

Roger's attachment to Sylvia, best friend who was also like a mother, remains so strong and he is so offended by Lifton's indecency toward her that I won't suggest what I think he'll not see, that these two go ideally together. And as The Killer of Truth will never be able to do we can kill another killer of truth. Individually also. I think it likely that if Roger does not send his to Dutton I will. Maybe both will. We'll see.

Not that I think publishers will not be anxious to publish frauds if they smell profit.

The PW May article on the coming anniversary book I got belatedly reflects the acceptability of trash and the unwelcomeness among ^{publishers,} that, as distinguished from their readers, of solid work. That very few can turn out in any event.

The description of the Posner book surprised me. He and his wife were here for several days when he began it. He was, as he said he was, writing a book on the critics. I tried without success to get him to do it on Lane, who can be the subject of a superb book. He did not interview me on the ^{new book subject} ~~critics~~ and he did not use my files for any such records. And the book of the new description is an absolute impossibility if it is what PW says it will be. Not the impressive Geyald of his Mengele book and his book on the children of prominent Nazis, both excellent, I think.

So, consistent with the thrust of my work, the anniversary will be marked by trash and although the market could have been creamed in advance by nontrash, it will not be.

Sitting and thinking with my daily coffee ration when first up my mind went back to what led me to publish Whitewash when I was actually broke and in debt. 1966 was the first year (of several) that I attended the ABA conventions, then at the Shoreham, in Washington. Close to several dozen who had rejected it praise me for doing it and ^{among} ~~keep~~ those who were honest enough to tell me they wished they'd had the courage was that pair at Citadel. (Barney Rosset would not even read it over his experiences with Lane.) And the next year, 1967, I can ^{well} begin to remember ^{at ABA} ~~all~~ who told me they wished they'd done it, they have made a fortune. But not one of them asked me to let them know if I did another book. And I didn't.

I now recall that when Parallax was housed with Grove- was it third floor front & it rejected Whitewash in 1965. That fine young woman Ann Weingarten(?) told me why. Someone knew a right-wing nut named Newman who told them it was a bad book. Newman had a real

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stinker of a competitive book he could not get published. When he did it bombed. It was based on the utterly irrational, that Oswald returned from the USSR with an ordinary AM radio that made him part of a red conspiracy because he listened to Cuban radio on it. ^{Supposed instructions!} The cheapest US radio picked Cuba up, too. All over the east and southern ^{n/a} coasts and well inland. Oswald could have listened to Cuba, which there is no reason to believe he ever did, on the cheapest radio of any source. That from the USSR was no different.

Except that it did not work at all when the FBI tested it!

Four bells! I'm off for my walking and to read about how the Os did it to the Tigers again! I was asleep during the game.

If they can keep that up it will be exciting. And they did it last night despite chicken pox. I thought everyone got vaccinated for that but I guess I was wrong.

Chicken pox and Tettleton telling Hemond all over again that he is a stupid, ego-dominated jerk.

Hemond explanation: Tettleton,

Best,

Hemond

~~having~~ having a fine year, with

his contract to run out and with a

family including ^a wife with her own excellent sports career, golf, asked to be told

whether his contract would be renewed before the end of the year. He was not told and he

was traded to ^A Detroit for a failed pitcher who had not done well after surgery ~~was~~ and was

a disaster to the Orioles, who let him go. So aside from losing Tettleton they got nothing

but real trouble for him. Then to make up for his bat Hemond traded three real stars for

Davis, who has been a very expensive disaster. They gave ^Finley, Harnisch and Schilling for

him. And have been looking for a right fielder and starters since.